



ISSUE

#1

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# ALIENS

## DEFIANCE



BRIAN WOOD  
TRISTAN JONES  
DAN JACKSON



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DARK HORSE PRESENTS

#1  
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# ALIEN DEFIANCE

BRIAN WOOD    TRISTAN JONES    DAN JACKSON



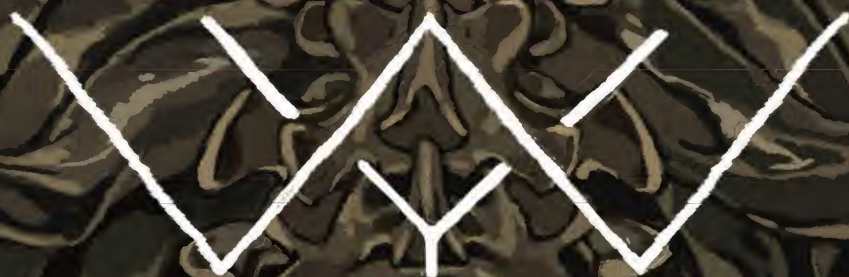


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BRIAN WOOD  
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**BRIAN WOOD**

ART

**TRISTAN JONES**

COLORS

**DAN JACKSON**

LETTERING

**NATE PIEKOS  
OF BLAMBOT®**

COVER

**MASSIMO  
CARNEVALE**

SPECIAL THANKS TO **JOSH IZZO** AND **NICOLE SPIEGEL** AT TWENTIETH CENTURY FOX.

Publisher **MIKE RICHARDSON**  
Designer **CINDY CACEREZ-SPRAGUE**

Editor **SPENCER CUSHING**  
Digital Art Technician **CONLEY SMITH**

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30TH ANNIVERSARY  
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**MARK A.  
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**NATE PIEKOS  
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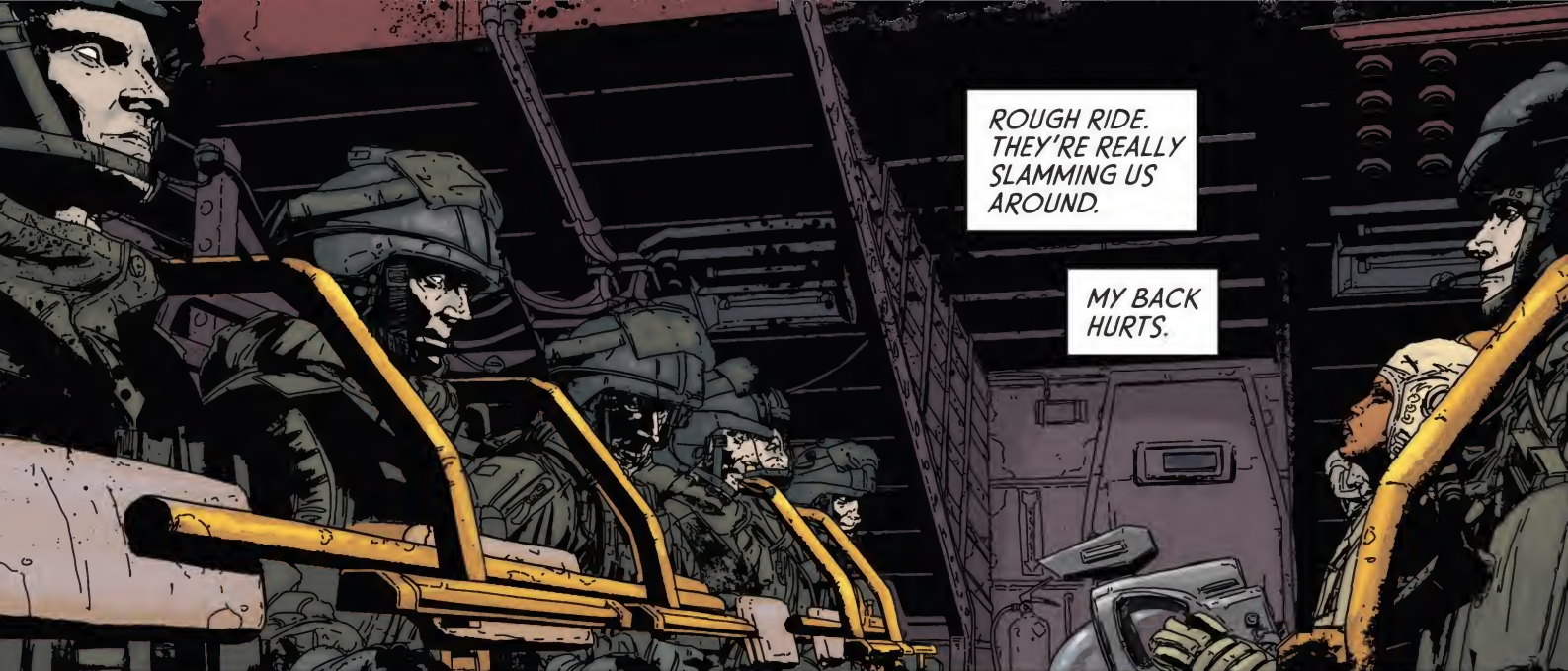
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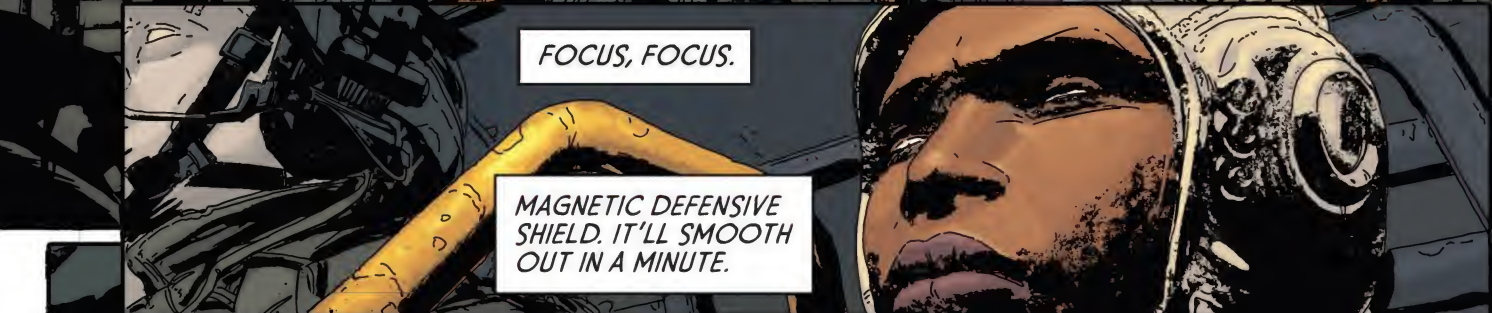
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ROUGH RIDE.  
THEY'RE REALLY  
SLAMMING US  
AROUND.

MY BACK  
HURTS.



FOCUS, FOCUS.

MAGNETIC DEFENSIVE  
SHIELD. IT'LL SMOOTH  
OUT IN A MINUTE.



SUCK IT UP,  
SOLDIER.

COLONIAL  
MARINES,  
AND PROUD  
OF IT.

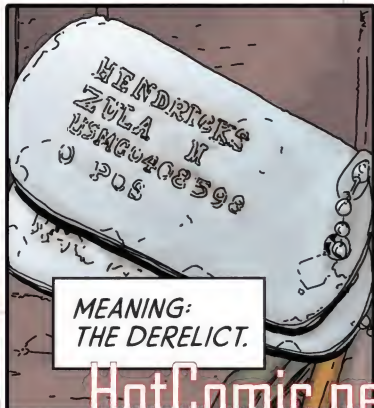


MY NAME IS PRIVATE  
FIRST CLASS ZULA  
HENDRICKS, AND  
I'M HERE WITH A  
SQUAD OF WEYLAND-  
YUTANI CORPORATE  
SECURITY DRONES.



PASSING THROUGH  
THE OUTER DEFENSES  
NOW. SHUTTING  
OFF ARTIFICIAL  
GRAVITY.

TIME TO  
TARGET: FIVE  
MINUTES.



HENDRICKS  
ZULA K  
USMC408390  
POB

MEANING:  
THE DERELICT.





MASS HAULER, ADRIFT. NON-FUNCTIONING TRANSPONDER. NONFUNCTIONING COMMS. MINIMAL LIFE SUPPORT.



WEYLAND-YUTANI'S CLAIMED SALVAGE RIGHTS, BUT THE MILITARY'S JURISDICTION IN LUNAR SPACE MEANS ONE OF THEIR OWN HAS TO GO ABOARD.



I'M HERE TO PUNCH IN A CODE AND TRANSFER ITS FLIGHT RECORDER DATA DOWN TO TRANQUILITY. I'M A GLORIFIED KEY.



IT'S VENTING ATMOSPHERE.

THAT'S WHAT SUITS ARE FOR, SOLDIER.



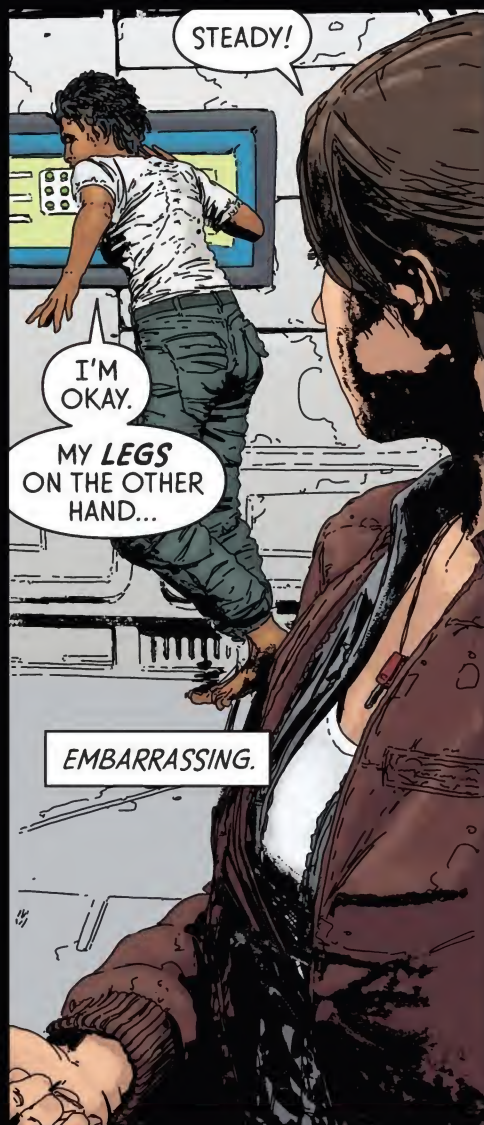
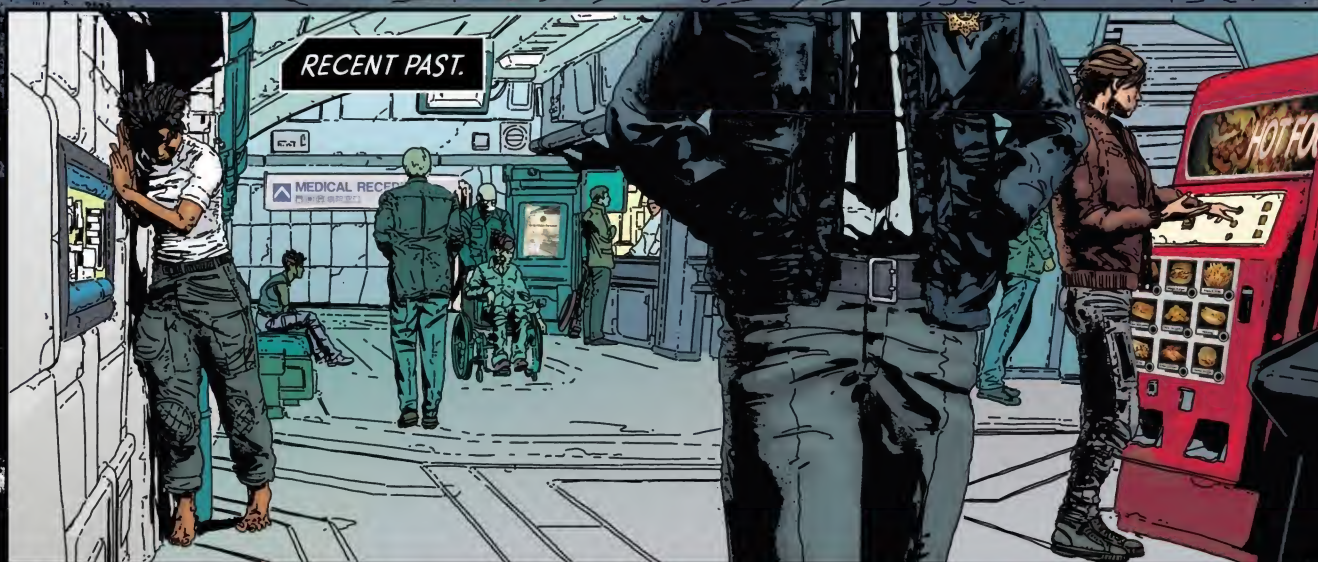
PAIN AGAIN. SHUT IT OUT.

TWO HOURS AND THEN YOU'LL BE BACK HOME.

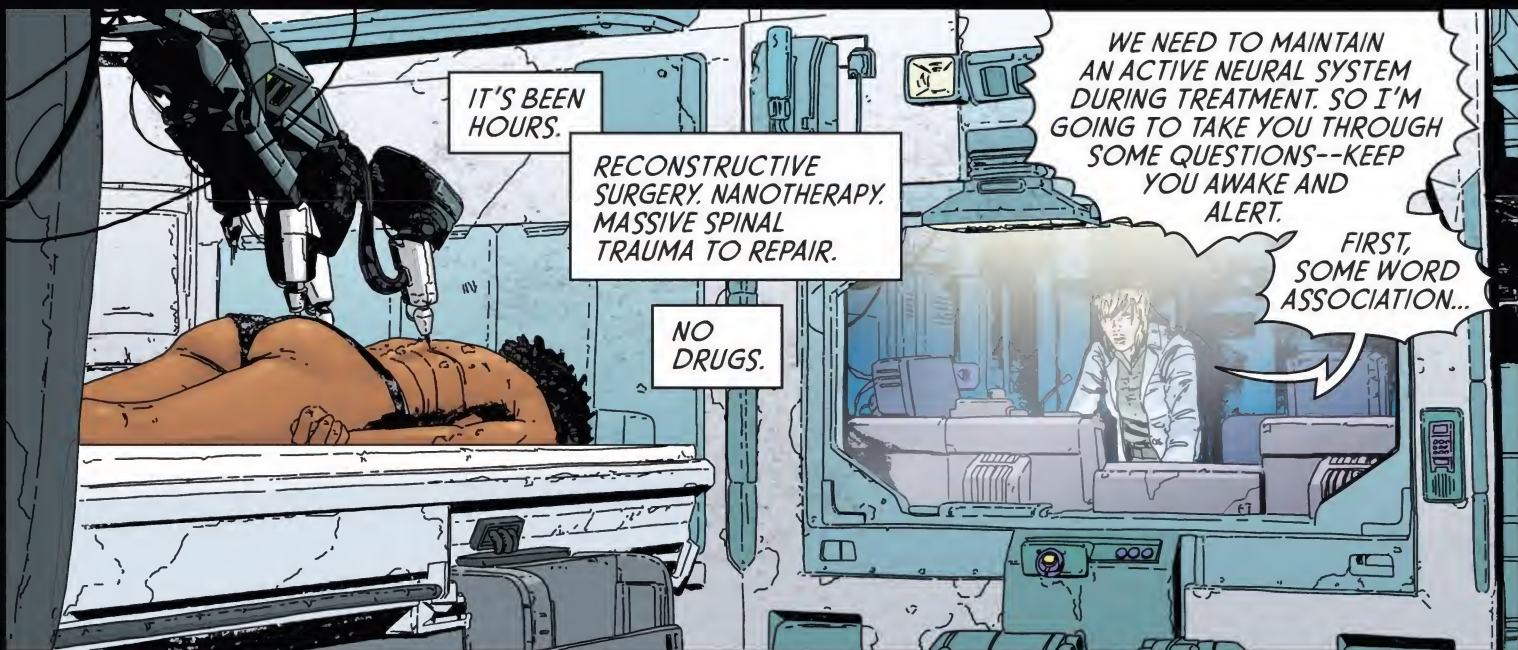


BACK IN TREATMENT.

TRANQUILITY  
BASE. LUNA.







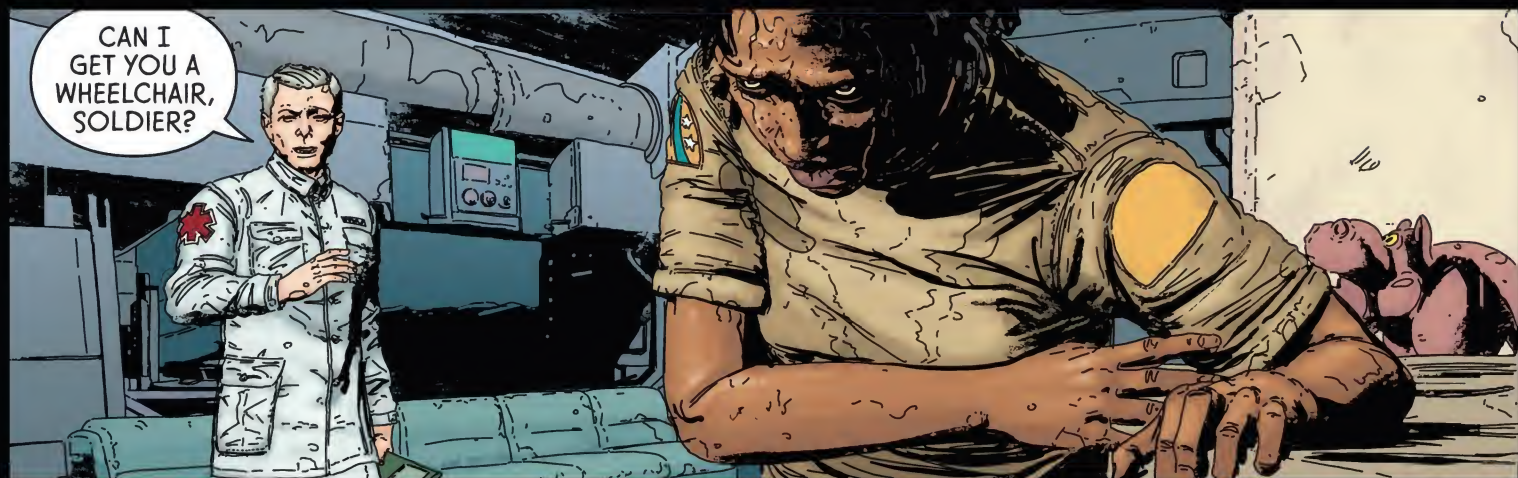
IT'S BEEN HOURS.

RECONSTRUCTIVE SURGERY. NANOTHERAPY. MASSIVE SPINAL TRAUMA TO REPAIR.

NO DRUGS.

WE NEED TO MAINTAIN AN ACTIVE NEURAL SYSTEM DURING TREATMENT. SO I'M GOING TO TAKE YOU THROUGH SOME QUESTIONS--KEEP YOU AWAKE AND ALERT.

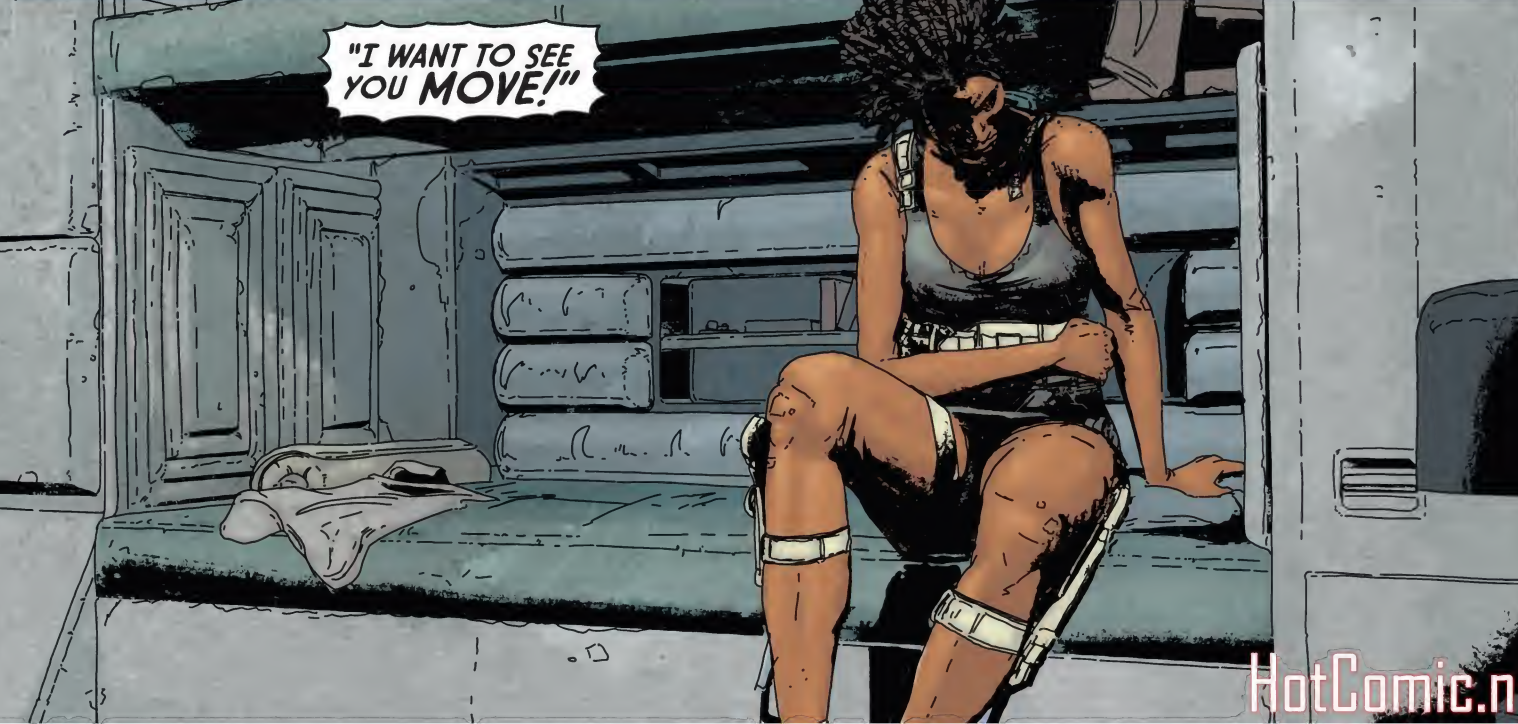
FIRST, SOME WORD ASSOCIATION...



CAN I GET YOU A WHEELCHAIR, SOLDIER?

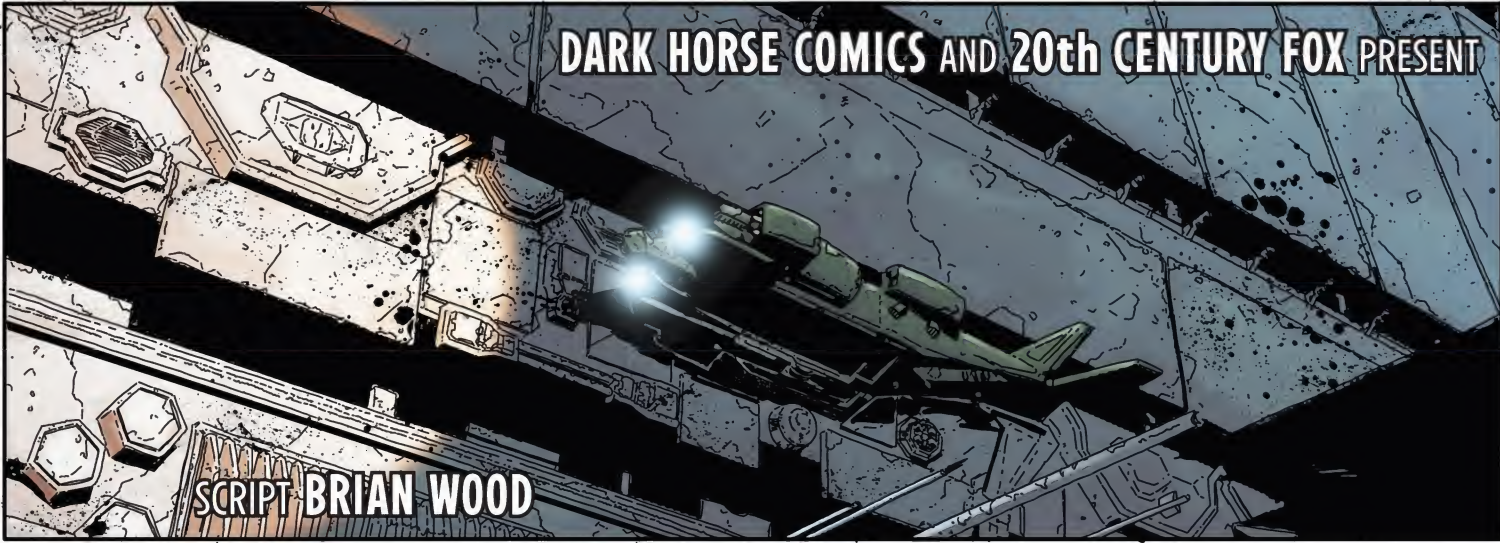


GO, GO, GO!



"I WANT TO SEE YOU MOVE!"





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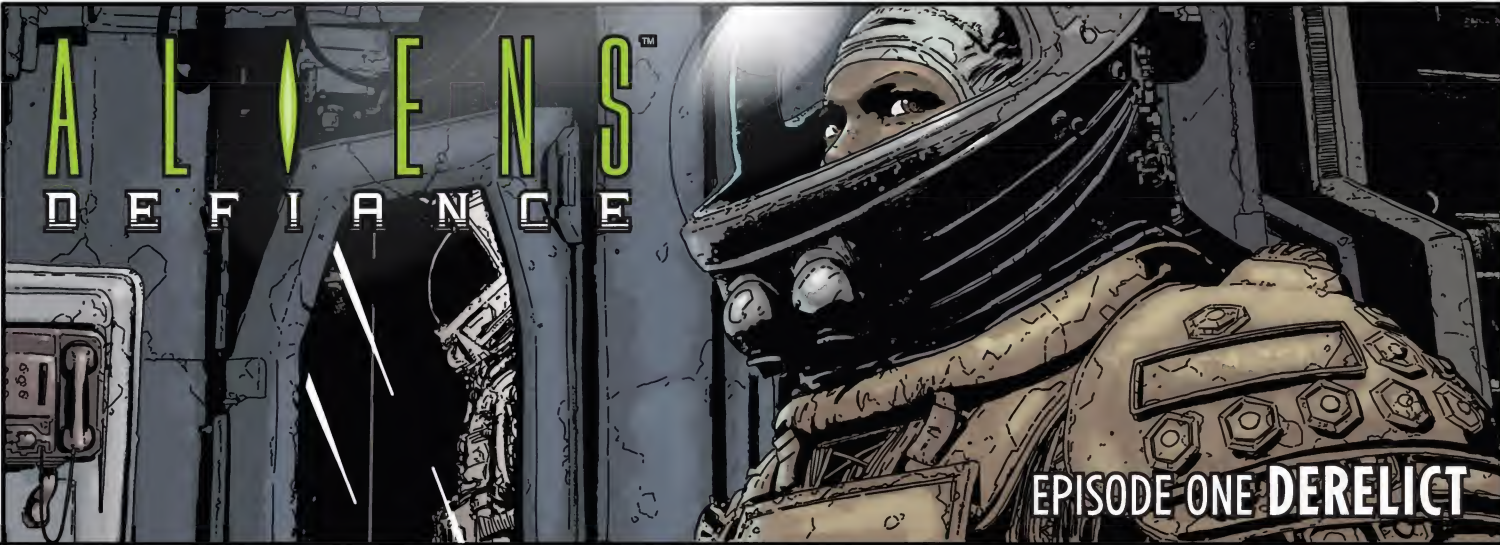


**ART TRISTAN JONES**



**COLORS DAN JACKSON**

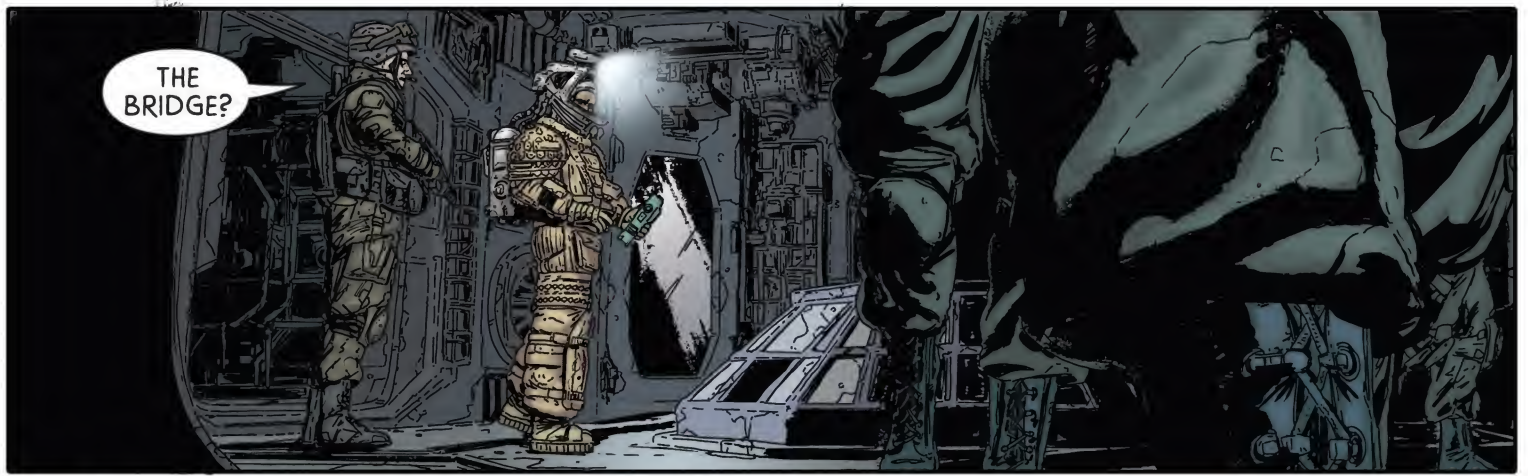
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**ALIEN DEFENSE™**

**EPISODE ONE DERELICT**





THE  
BRIDGE?



TO THE  
LEFT. WE CAME  
ABOARD MIDSHIPS.  
WHY, ARE YOU  
COMING WITH  
ME?



GUESS SO.



HOW DOES  
MILITARY HAVE  
CODES FOR AN  
UNKNOWN  
DERELICT?

COMMERCIAL MARITIME  
TREATY OF 2114 CREATED  
A STANDARDIZATION OF  
EMERGENCY ACCESS  
CODES. SO PROBABLY THIS  
IS A SEEGSON HAULER,  
BASED ON THE PROMPTS  
I'M GETTING NOW.

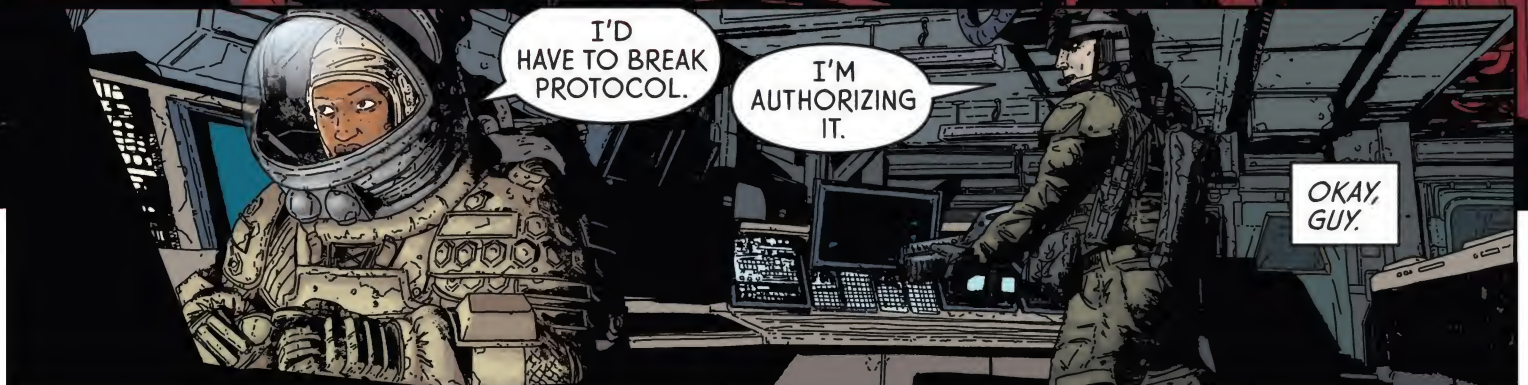
SHE'S THE  
EUROPA.



SEEGSON  
COMMERCIAL  
SPACE IS **NOWHERE**  
NEAR LUNA.

IT DIDN'T  
DRIFT HERE. SO  
WHERE'S THE  
CREW?

CAN YOU  
BRING UP  
THE INTERNAL  
SECURITY  
LOGS?



I'D  
HAVE TO BREAK  
PROTOCOL.

I'M  
AUTHORIZING  
IT.

OKAY,  
GUY.





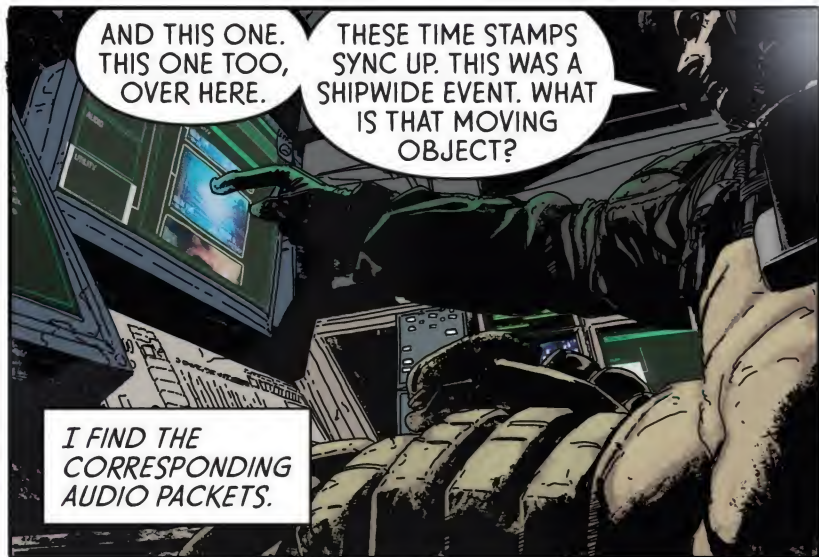
THIS WOULD BE A HELL OF A LOT EASIER IF I COULD WORK ON ATMOSPHERE FIRST, SEALING OFF THE BREACHES, GETTING LIFE SUPPORT UP.

LATER.



HERE. THIS. WHAT'S GOING ON?

CAN YOU PLAY THIS CLIP IN FULL?



AND THIS ONE. THIS ONE TOO, OVER HERE.

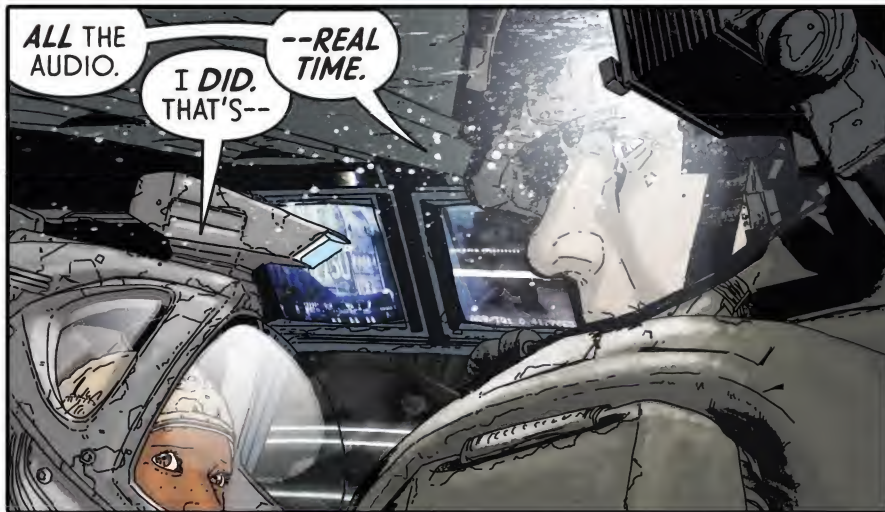
THESE TIME STAMPS SYNC UP. THIS WAS A SHIPWIDE EVENT. WHAT IS THAT MOVING OBJECT?

I FIND THE CORRESPONDING AUDIO PACKETS.



SHOUTS. SCREAMS. WEAPONS FIRE. AND WET-SOUNDING NOISES I IMMEDIATELY IDENTIFY AS CLOSE-QUARTERS COMBAT.

KILL THE AUDIO.



ALL THE AUDIO.

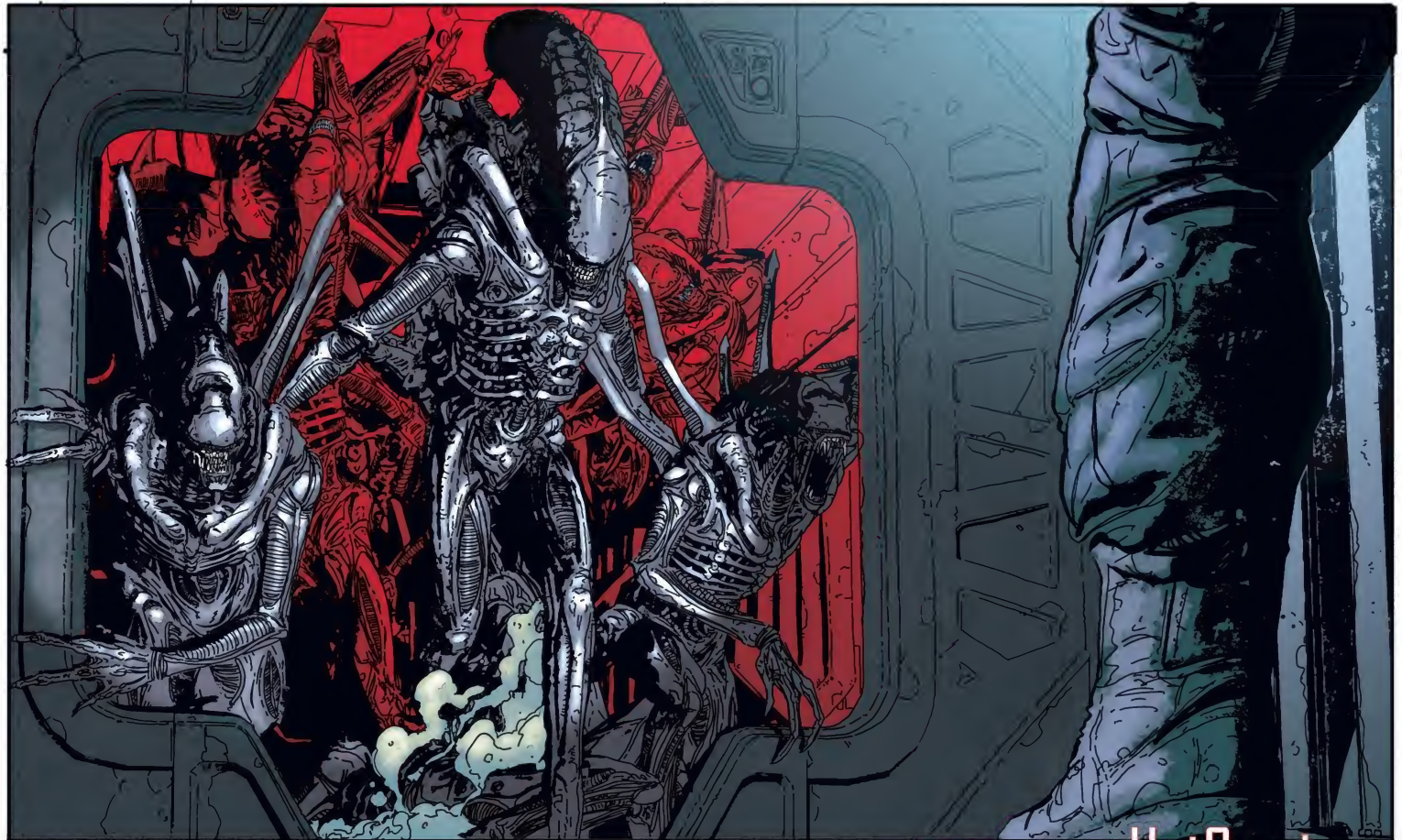
I DID. THAT'S---

--REAL TIME.

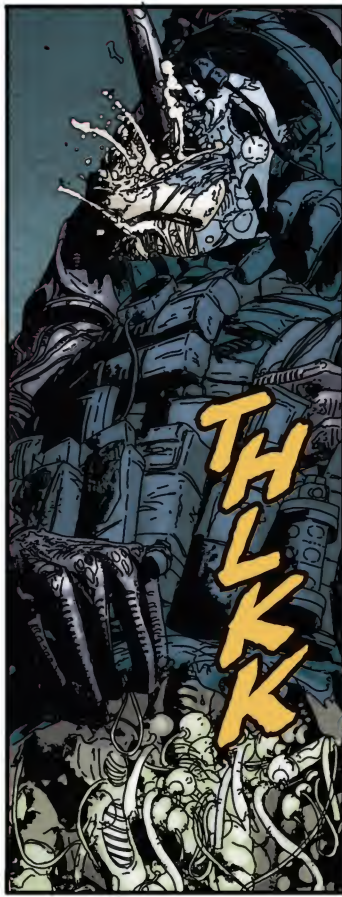


I DIDN'T REALIZE SYNTHETICS COULD SCREAM.







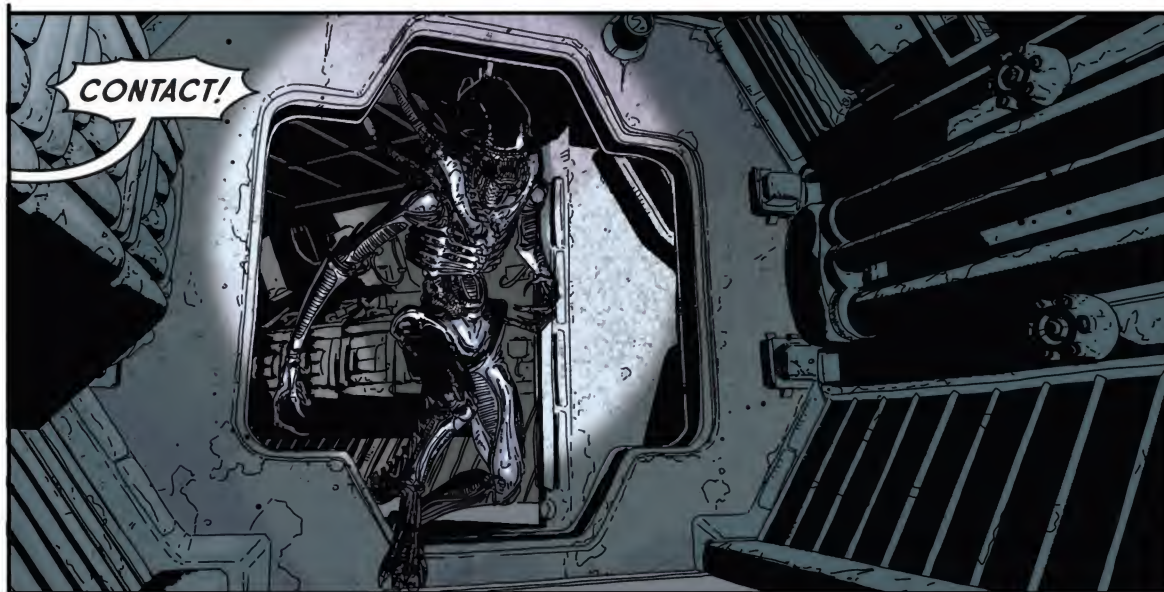


THE SOUND  
ECHOING  
DOWN THE  
CORRIDORS...

...LIKE  
NOTHING  
I'VE HEARD.

K K K



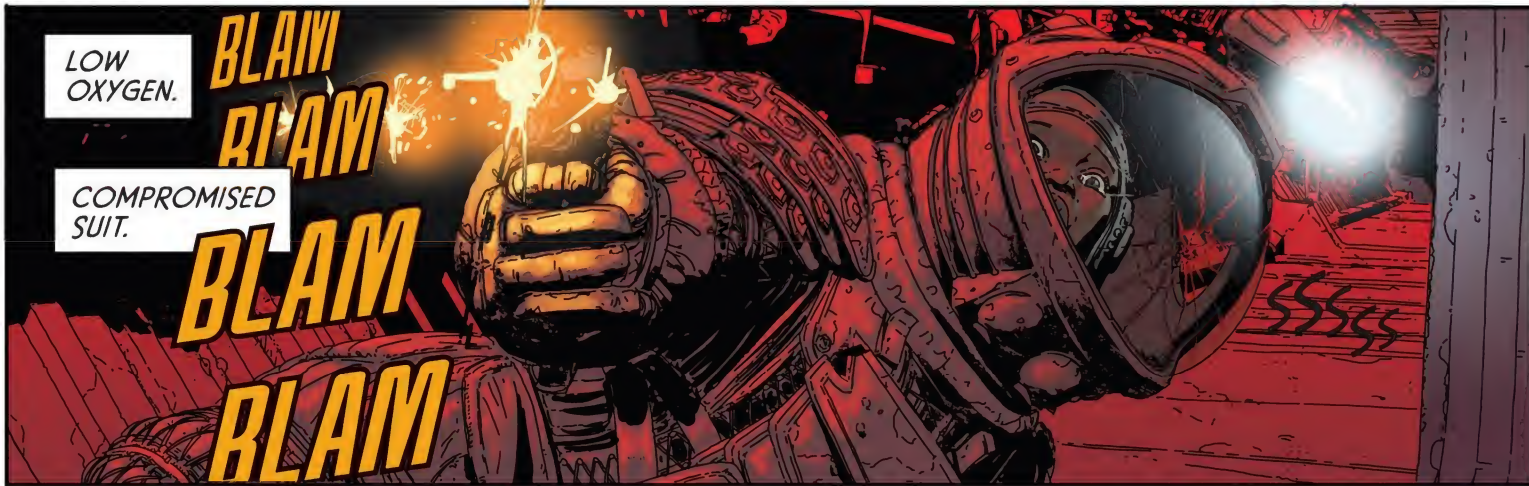




LOW  
OXYGEN.

COMPROMISED  
SUIT.

BLAM  
RIAM  
BLAM  
BLAM



SSSSSS

BLAM  
BLAM

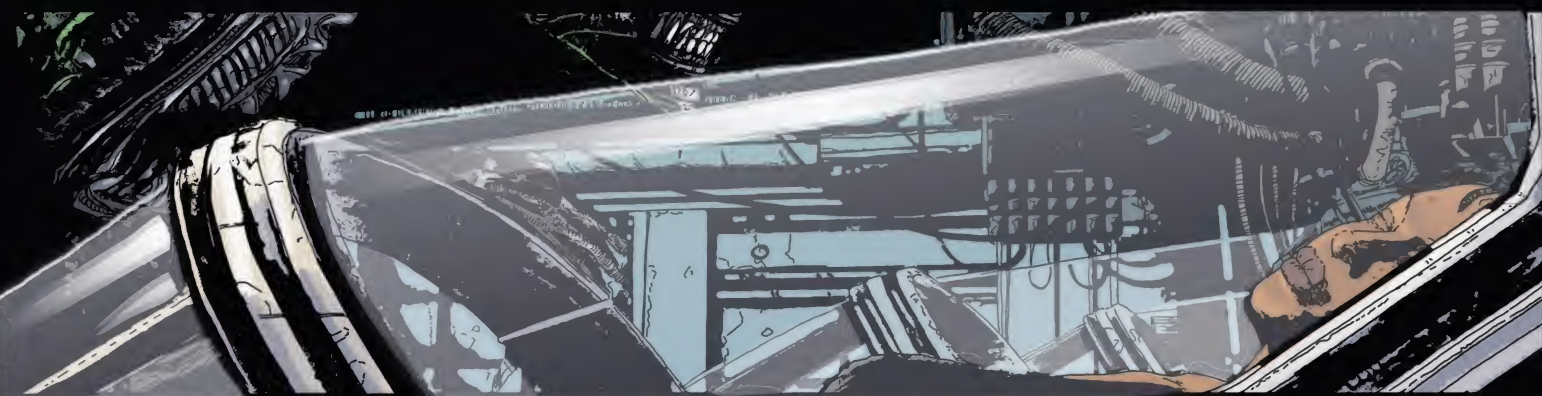
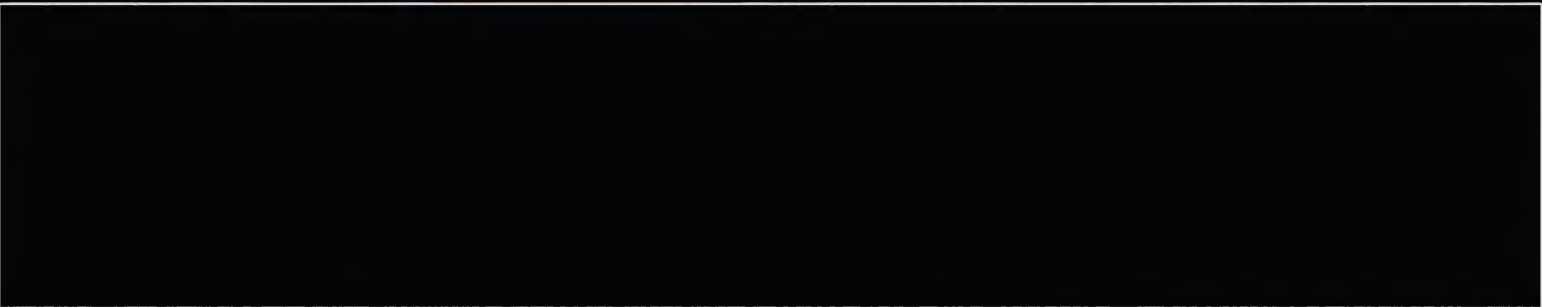
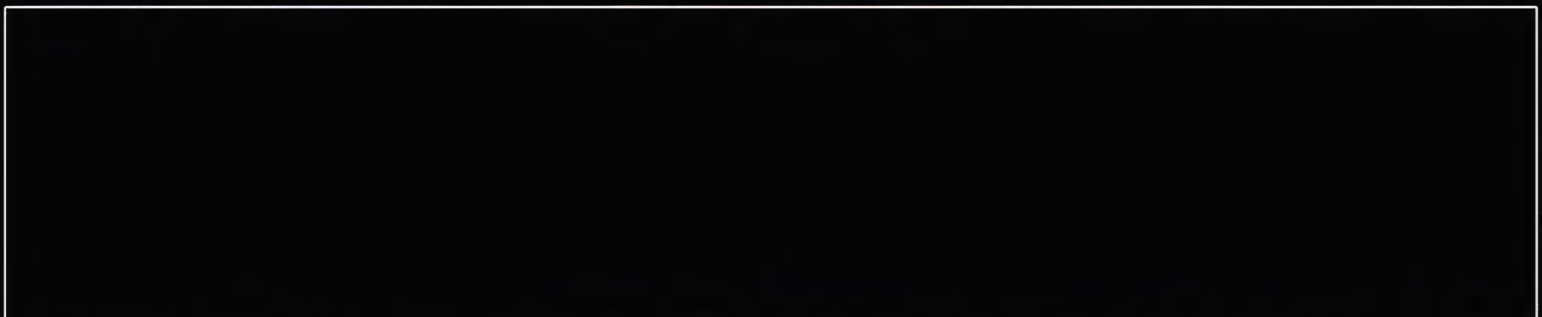
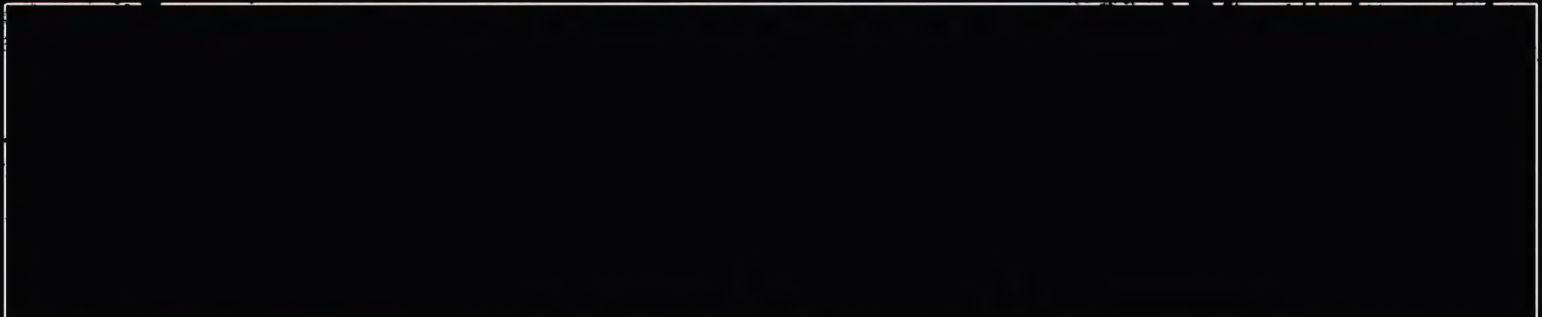


KLIK

SSSSSSSS











DECEMBER 14, 2137

A PERFECTLY EXECUTED  
SLINGSHOT MANEUVER  
SENDS THE EUROPA ON AN  
EXTRASOLAR TRAJECTORY



"TIME TO  
WAKE UP,  
ZULA."





!

WHAT IS THIS WHAT'S GOING ON WHY CAN'T I MOVE MY LEGS WON'T MOVE--

HENDRICKS.

I CAN'T MOVE **I CAN'T MOVE!**



PLEASE RELAX.

YOU ARE UNDER RESTRAINT. THAT'S WHY YOU CAN'T MOVE.

**LET ME UP!**

PLEASE LISTEN...



YOU WERE PLACED IN STASIS SLEEP UNDER SUBOPTIMAL CONDITIONS. WE WERE UNDER ATTACK, AND I WAS FORCED TO MOVE QUICKLY AND BYPASS SEVERAL SAFETY PROTOCOLS.



WHEN YOU WOKE, I HAD CONCERNS YOU MIGHT ACT REFLEXIVELY-- AND INJURE YOURSELF IN DOING SO.

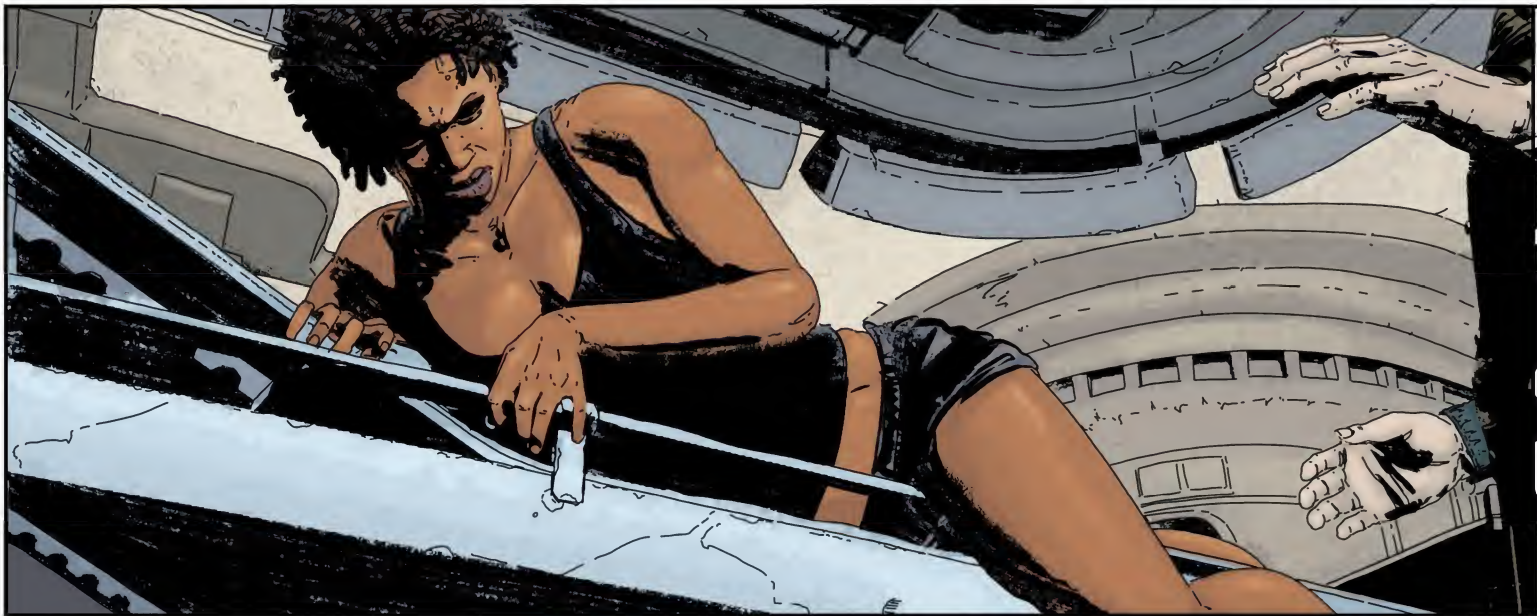
I NEED TO MAKE SURE MY LEGS WORK.

YOUR LEGS?



LET ME UP. PLEASE.









PLEASE TELL  
ME YOU KILLED  
EVERY SINGLE ONE  
OF THEM.

GET DRESSED  
AND MEET ME ON  
THE BRIDGE. I'LL BRIEF  
YOU ON EVERYTHING  
THAT'S HAPPENED.

YOUR  
MUSCLE STRENGTH  
AND BALANCE ARE  
COMPROMISED  
FROM STASIS...



GIVE IT A  
FEW MINUTES.  
IT'LL FIX  
ITSELF.

I DON'T  
THINK I LIKE  
THIS PERSON.



TWENTY-SEVEN DAYS  
WITHOUT TREATMENT.



VREEEE  
CHUNK

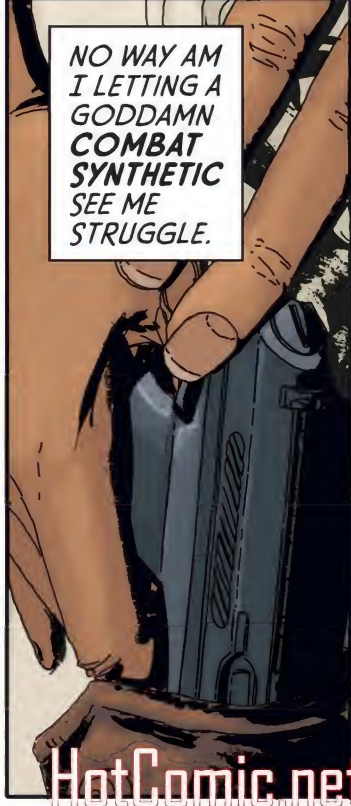


SHOCK BRACE,  
DESIGNED FOR  
TRAUMA  
STABILIZATION.



PULL  
YOURSELF  
TOGETHER,  
SOLDIER.

IT'S A MIRACLE  
I'M WALKING  
AT ALL.



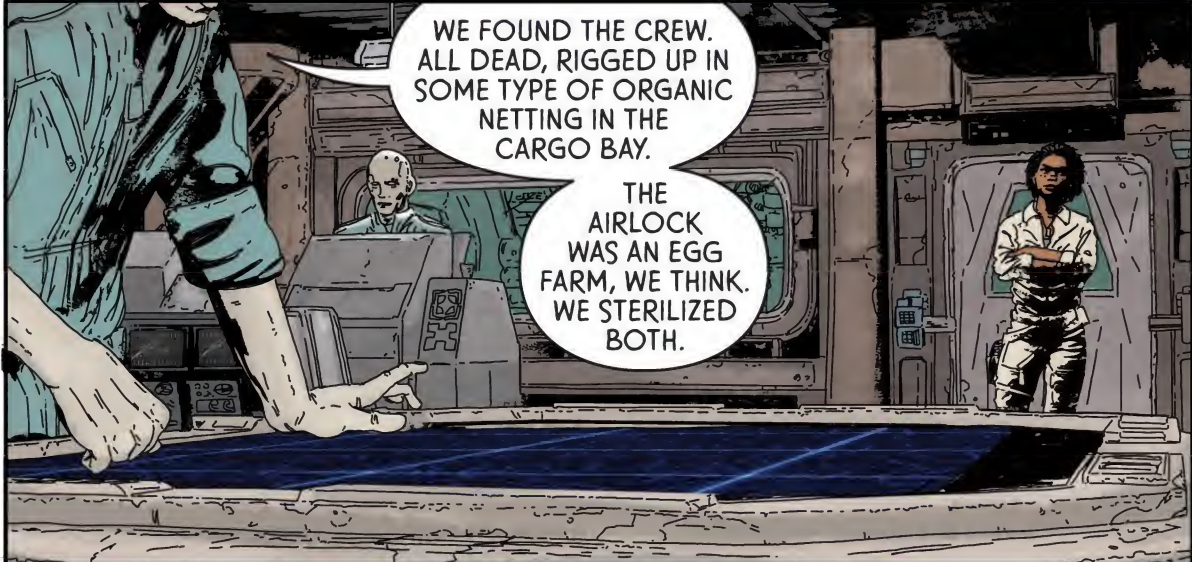
NO WAY AM  
I LETTING A  
GODDAMN  
COMBAT  
SYNTHETIC  
SEE ME  
STRUGGLE.





THE *EUROPA* WAS FULLY INFESTED BY AN UNKNOWN ALIEN SPECIES. WE CLEARED THE INFESTATION.

WE LOST EIGHT OF OUR OWN. THAT LEAVES SIX REMAINING FROM MY UNIT, IN ADDITION TO MYSELF. AND YOU, OBVIOUSLY.



WE FOUND THE CREW. ALL DEAD, RIGGED UP IN SOME TYPE OF ORGANIC NETTING IN THE CARGO BAY.

THE AIRLOCK WAS AN EGG FARM, WE THINK. WE STERILIZED BOTH.



STERILIZED?



FLUSHED IT ALL OUT INTO DEEP SPACE.

THE SHIP IS CLEAN. I WAS **THOROUGH**, PRIVATE HENDRICKS. THAT'S WHY YOU WERE IN STASIS FOR AS LONG AS YOU WERE.

THERE'S ALSO THE MATTER OF THE DROPSHIP.



LET ME GUESS, NO MORE DROPSHIP?

WE'RE ON THE *EUROPA* FOR THE FORESEEABLE FUTURE.




COME TAKE A LOOK.



...  
WHERE THE HELL ARE WE?






NEAR ZETA DORADUS. SEEGSON HAS SEVASTOPOL STATION IN RETICULUM, BUT THERE ARE SOME RELATED OPERATIONS IN DORADO WHICH WEYLAND-YUTANI WAS NOT AWARE OF.

SPECIFICALLY LV-44-40. THE LAST RECORDED STOP IN THE *EUROPA*'S COMPUTER.

TWELVE DAYS AGO WE STARTED BRAKING, AND WE SHOULD ARRIVE SHORTLY.




WHY? WHY DIDN'T WE RETURN TO TRANQUILITY AFTER SECURING THE SHIP?

DID WE GET NEW ORDERS?



NONE THAT I DEEMED APPROPRIATE.



WHAT THE HELL DOES THAT MEAN?

"ORDERS" TYPICALLY DON'T MEAN YOU'RE ALLOWED TO PICK AND CHOOSE.



IN NORMAL CIRCUMSTANCES, ABSOLUTELY.

BUT WE'VE FOUND OURSELVES IN THE MIDDLE OF SOMETHING LARGER THAN WE WERE PREVIOUSLY MADE AWARE OF. I WAS COMPELLED TO TAKE STEPS TO PROTECT US ALL.





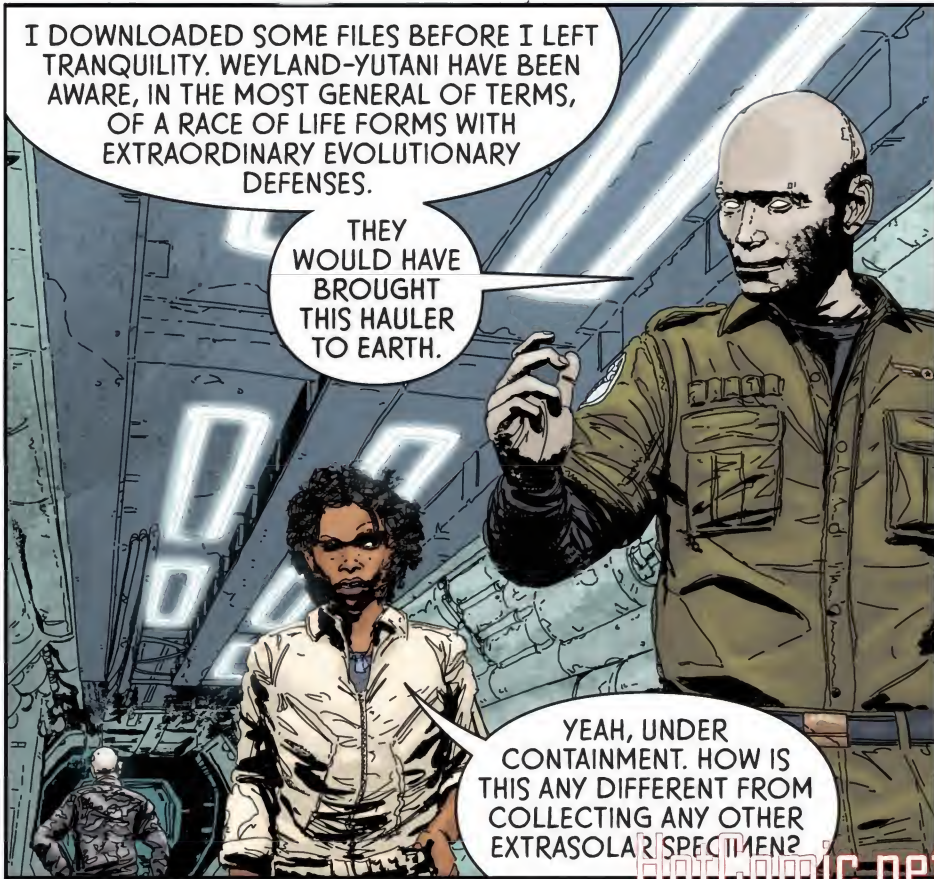
IF  
**WE** MAY  
EXPLAIN.



THIS WAS NO ORDINARY  
SALVAGE MISSION. WEYLAND-  
YUTANI WERE AWARE OF WHAT  
WAS ON THIS SHIP.

THEY **KNEW**  
ABOUT THE CREATURES?  
SO WHY RISK PERSONNEL?  
WHY NOT JUST BLAST IT  
OUT OF THE SKY?

BECAUSE  
THEY **WANT** THEM.  
THEY WANT TO  
**EXPLOIT** THEM.



I DOWNLOADED SOME FILES BEFORE I LEFT  
TRANQUILITY. WEYLAND-YUTANI HAVE BEEN  
AWARE, IN THE MOST GENERAL OF TERMS,  
OF A RACE OF LIFE FORMS WITH  
EXTRAORDINARY EVOLUTIONARY  
DEFENSES.

THEY  
WOULD HAVE  
BROUGHT  
THIS HAULER  
TO EARTH.

YEAH, UNDER  
CONTAINMENT. HOW IS  
THIS ANY DIFFERENT FROM  
COLLECTING ANY OTHER  
EXTRASOLAR SPECIMEN?



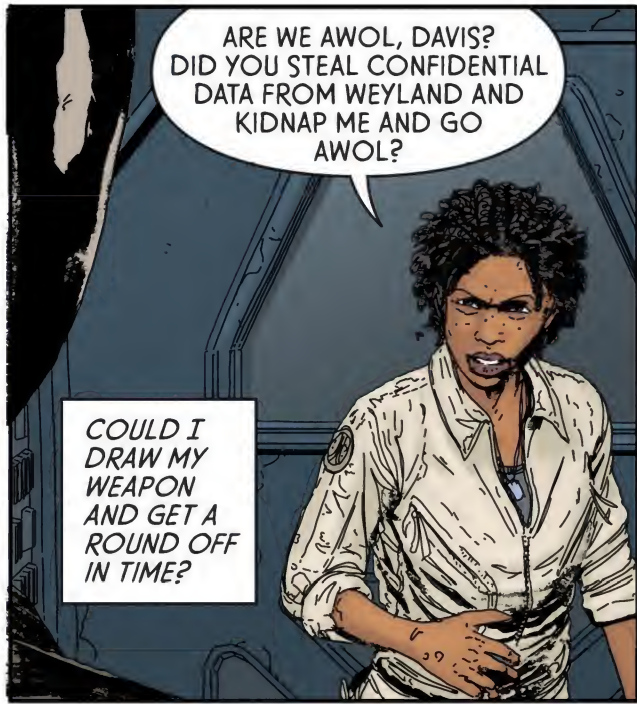


WE FOUGHT THESE...*XENOMORPHS* FOR *DAYS*, HENDRICKS. THEY AREN'T JUST *ANY* SPECIMEN.

THEY USE HUMAN BODIES AS HOSTS. THEIR NEWBORNS ARE COMBAT READY OUT OF THE WOMB. THEIR BLOOD IS A DEFENSE ALL ON ITS OWN.

WHAT'S YOUR DESIGNATION?

DAVIS.



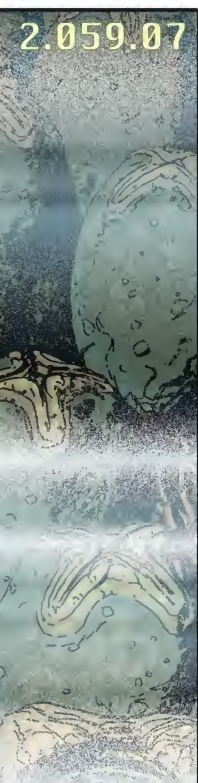
ARE WE AWOL, DAVIS? DID YOU STEAL CONFIDENTIAL DATA FROM WEYLAND AND KIDNAP ME AND GO AWOL?

COULD I DRAW MY WEAPON AND GET A ROUND OFF IN TIME?



I DID DO ALL THAT, YES. BUT HENDRICKS...

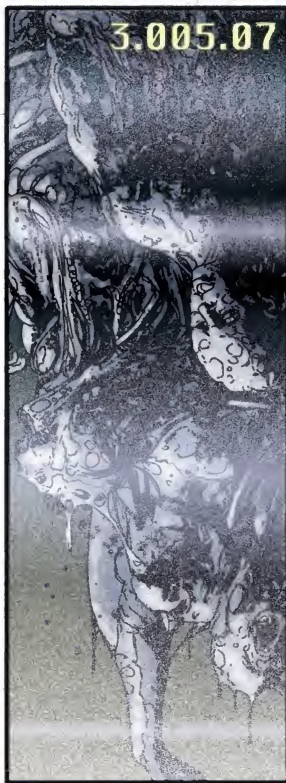
...THE ALTERNATIVE WAS INTRODUCING *THIS* TO THE HUMAN RACE.



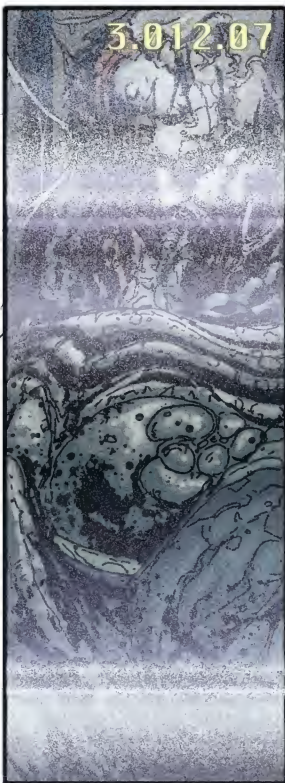
2.059.07



2.065.07



3.005.07



3.012.07



3.047.07



3.0

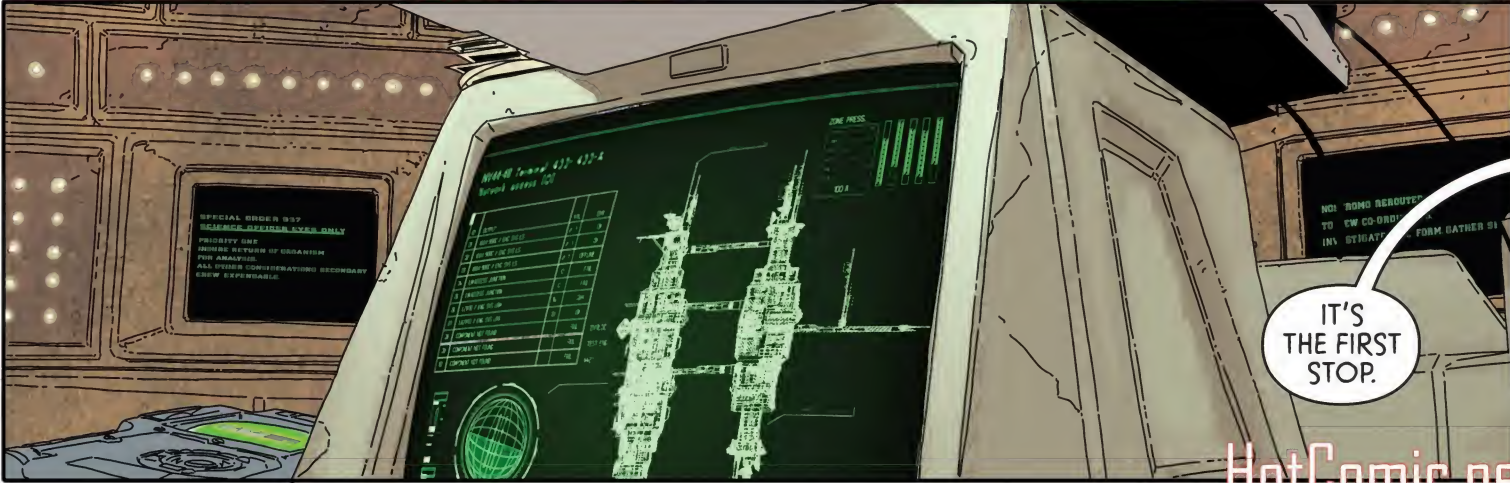
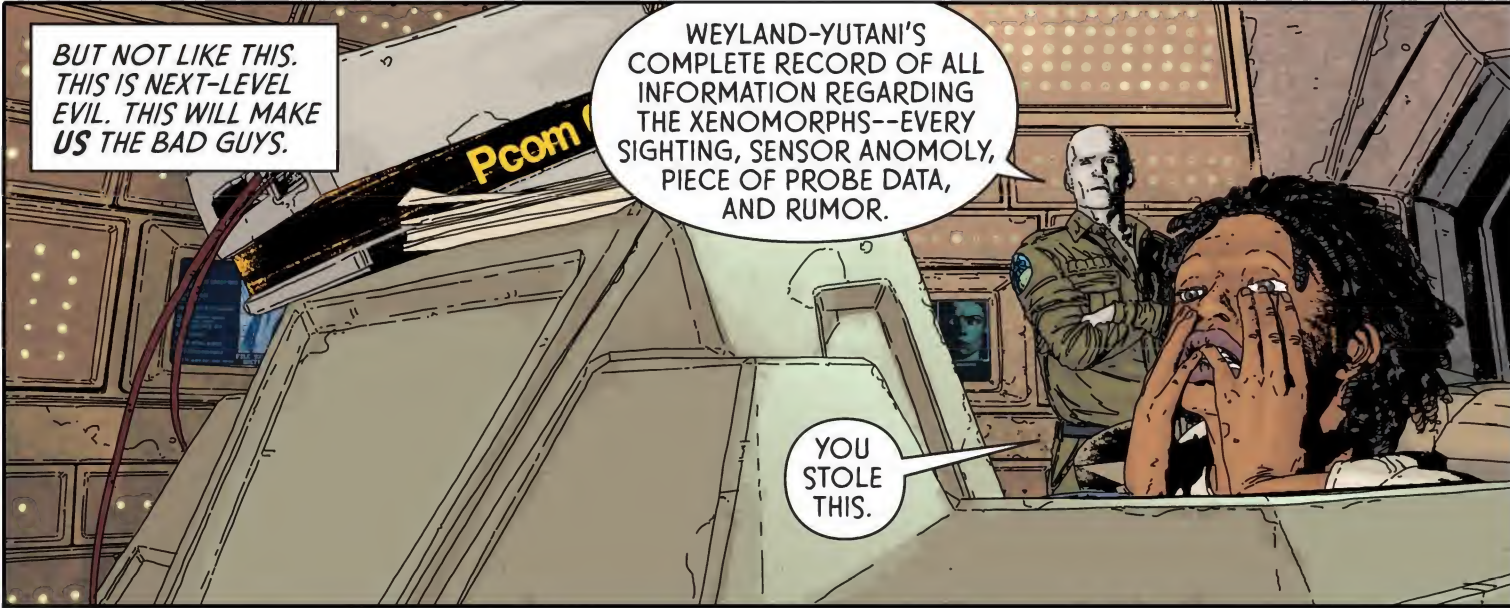


THEY WOULD TURN THIS INTO A WEAPON.

I'M A MARINE. I'M FOND OF WEAPONS. I *SLEEP* WITH MY WEAPON. I LIKE TO POINT IT AT THE BAD GUYS AND PULL THE TRIGGER. IT'S PRETTY MUCH WHAT WE'RE ALL ABOUT.

ENSURE RETURN OF ORGANISM









V \_ THEMIS/XMXX121/LBT-56971-110-0

TRIECT I.V-44-40

VIEWS 4

Encript X5171

"WE'RE GOING TO  
FOLLOW EVERY LEAD  
IN THESE FILES, GET THERE  
BEFORE WEYLAND DOES,  
AND TAKE OUT EVERY ONE  
OF THESE ALIENS WE FIND."

OORAH.

NO FURTHER ENHANCING  
SPECIAL ORDER 937  
SCIENCE OFFICER EY

PRIORITY ONE

TO BE CONTINUED

HotComic.net



# ALIENS™

## DEFIANCE

#1 | \$3.99

SCRIPT: BRIAN WOOD

ART: TRISTAN JONES

COLORS: DAN JACKSON

LETTERING: NATE PIEKOS OF BLAMBOT®

COVER ART: MARK A. NELSON



Our front cover pays homage to the cover of *Dark Horse Presents* #40 (1990). The first *Aliens* comic was published by Dark Horse Comics in 1988, and artist Mark A. Nelson drew the cover for that comic as well. The xenomorph monsters became a cultural phenomenon, spawning nearly a dozen more comics series that built on the well-known characters from the wildly popular movies.

